

Akala Lyrics

“This is London”

[Verse 1]

The place where you find the coldest ballers you ever seen
But they locked up or dead not in the Premier league
Best kid that I knew turned fiend by 16
It seems things never the way you see in your dreams
Years past, tears start, kids turn to teens
That sweet child you knew, grill done turn mean
Daddy left him and reality set in there's no cream
And it's embarrassing goin' school with holes in ya jeans
So, you know the cycle, it's little bags of green
Get expelled and sell the world hell by 16
Fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean
Couple bottles of cris sipped and wrists lit mean
And it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible
Catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle
It's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is
And ain't nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip

[Hook]

This is London
Black t'ugs bust big slugs
This is London
Give ya fuckin' punks tough love
This is London
Single mums that pump drugs
This is London, Bruva this is London
(London calling...)

[Verse 2]

The place where it don't matter if you never sold a shot
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got"
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave
No reason other than niggas is frustrated
So many catching cases over screw faces
And dumb shit like we come from different places
London get your shit smoked like a chalice
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palace
Where young t'ugs is clutchin' big straps that's Russian
And dyin' to buss it what the fuck good is discussions?
Where hood rats is sucking any dick that push a nice somethin'
And them said gyal'a get you set like your life's nuthin'
Cause life's nothing that's just how it is
And there ain't nothing on these roads gonna change but the clip

Chorus

[Verse 3]

The place where you don't fuck with the Turks or the Asians

Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians
Where them cockney boys will chiv your face, you mug
No love, every colour mentality thug
But we take it to a whole 'nother level
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not clever
Never far from the hood, even in the Sticks
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip
By some little skinny kid, think he big with the chrome
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but
The skunk said no
In this place, if you work you're an idiot
Most of the smartest motherfuckers illiterate
'Cause tax is a bitch, take half your pension
Just to fight war, now they want congestion
And they wonder why we all goin' insane
This is London, tell me is your city the same?